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BY G. W. CALLAHAN. CAMBRIDGE, Md.---SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1833. WHOLE NO. 490.

TERMS:

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In cases where the number of insertions is not limited, advertisements will be continued in the paper and charged at the above rates, until direction to omit them is received.

From the New York Daily Advertiser.

J. DOWNING, MAJOR, DOWNINGVILLE MILITIA, 2D BRIGADE—*(we like to be particular.)*—We lay before our leaders a letter from our distinguished friend, who as usual seems to be engrossed with important matters. We feel no compulsion to applaud, but we venture to say that among the numerous happy illustrations which are generally found in the Major's letters—none are more ingenious, or more to the point than the hunt for the General's spectacles. Nor can we conceive how he could more humorously call us to reflect on the possibility of a hunt after the public deposites, in the event of any portion of them getting in a pocket with a hole in it.

—

WASHINGTON, 12th Nov., 1833.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight, of the New York Daily Advertiser:

I have always been tellin the Gineral, as you know, that of all troubles there was none so tuff to get round as money troubles, and when such matters git in a snarl it was worse than trying to straiten a melitia line after dinner. I was always afeard that we was getting too many folks to handle the money, and to be figerin at the accounts. Ever since I was a boy I always had a notion that the fewer hands in countin the better, and the less you handle money the better, for the more you handle it, some how, the less it grows. And then agin I told the Gineral over and over agin, dont meddle with the Bank, says I, the money is safe enuf there, and one pocket, says I, Gineral, is better than twenty. But you know when I was in New York with Zekel Bigelow tryin to find out the cause of money being scarce, and when Zekel broke his watch showin me how the United States Bank worked among other banks, the folks some how got round the Gineral, and the deposites was removed.

I have been looking out for trouble ever since, though I was bound to stick to the Gineral, right or wrong, as I telled him I would.

Tother day, when we came to that part of the message where we have to speak of money matters, we sent for Mr. Taney our new Secretary of the Treasury, to bring in his accounts; he warnt quite ready, for he aint as quick at siferin yet as he will be to rights, so we waited for him a spell, and left a place here and there in the message, jest big enuf to put in figers; and so last night the Gineral sent agin, and said he must have the counts "ready or not ready," and up they came sure enuf, and not more than half cooked; but the Gineral wont wait for nothing when he's in a hurry. Now, says he, Major, turn to and see how they stand with last year. And so at it I went, comparin all the amounts of outlays, the Gineral all the while smokin and thinkin pretty hard, with his feet up on the mantel. I figered up the sums pretty quick, considerin there was a good many on em called *estimates*, and when I got to the end on't, now, says I, Gineral, you know I telled you that we could git up and put down nullification in no time—we could turn out a cabinet and appoint other folks—we could send ministers abroad and let em come home as soon as they pleased, and send other folks in their places, and give all full pay too—we could nock the United States Bank and Squire Biddle all into splinters—we could let our folks go on Ingin lands in one place and drive em off in other places, and git up an Ingin war—and appoint new officers here and there—and have new auditors to settle accounts—and let things go on in the Post Office pretty much to suit the folks there; and instead of having one bank for our money, scatter it about among the banks of our friends. All this we could do, and have done, and have taken the responsibility too, and the folks like us the better for it—but, says I, when they come to see what it all costs, there'll be trouble, now I tell you, says I. Why Major, says the Gineral, what's the matter, aint the government economical, says he; do you expect to make reforms without costing something? Can you clear up swamps and cut ditches and remove old stumps without expense? Yes, says I, Gineral, that's all true. But plague on't, says I, it's been going on so now nigh upon five years; and, says I, it keeps costin more and more, and we are nearer bein swamp'd and stump'd than ever; here, says I, now jist look and see what the government costs, and what it cost when Mr. Adams was President; and that aint the worst on't, says I, our money is here, there and every where; and I dont see how we shall find it when we want it. As soon as I mentioned the amount of the sums I had figered up, the Gineral jumps up, and he did stomp about a spell, I tell you—he smash'd down his pipe, and it flew into more than forty pieces—says he, Major, aint you mistaken? No, says I, there's no mistake about me, Gineral. Let me see them accounts, says he; and he begun to feel for his spectacles, first in one pocket and then in another—for he had no less than seven besides his watch fob—and he couldn't find his spectacles. Says he, Major, have you seen my spectacles? No, says I, Gineral, I haint—where do you keep them, says I? Why, says he, I used always to keep em in this side breast pocket, but I have been so pester'd lately, that I must have chang'd pockets. That's bad, says I, Gineral, especially, says I, when one wants any thing in a hurry—now, says I, I only keep one pocket, and I got that notion from Squire Biddle, for he keeps eny most every thing in one pocket, and he can tell in a minit, pretty much all about eny thing. The Gineral kept all the while feelin and turnin his pockets inside out; but no spectacles. By the eternal, says he, Major, I reckon them are spectacles are somewhere in one of these pockets, and I'll find em, says he, if I have to take my shirt off; and at it he went, and he off coat and jacket and I dont know what all, and I all the while shakin em to find the spectacles—by and by I see a hole in his pantaloons pocket; I'm on track now, says I, Gineral: here's a hole; and sure enuf, when he come to take off his boots, there was his best goold rim specs, and all broke to flinders—and if we hadn't been looking for em, and if I hadn't seen that hole, you never would say they ever had been specs, for they were all jam'd to nothin. There was a curious notion then jest come into my head, and I stood stock still, holding the Gineral's pantaloons in one hand and his right boot upside down in tother, and there lay the specs on the floor (or what there was left on em;) and the Gineral stood looking at me with eny most nothin on him, and the Message and the Treasury counts and my slate lay on the table—there warnt a word said for more than 10 minits—an awful time to stand so.

So to rights the Gineral he spoke, and, says he, Major, what are you thinkin on—why says I, if you had kept your spectacles in your side breast pocket, they would be on your nose now; but, says I, that aint the worst on't, I'm afeard, says I, Gineral, we've got too many pockets for our money, and when we want it we shall have to come to our shirts and boots before we find it.

The Gineral got as hornity as all nature at this, and says he, "Major, I wish now you was only Calhoun, or Biddle, or Clay, or M'Duffy, or Don Pedro, or Black Hawk, or any one but Major Downing—for I feel as if I should like to give some one a thrashing." Why, says I, Gineral you aint mad nor nothin be you, for I am too? says I; and every time I look at the accounts, says I, I feel as if I would like to get hold of some one—and so we stomped about a spell, cussin and discussin most things, till we got cool agin—but it was considerable of a storm, I tell you.

Your friend, J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

ARCHERY.

In the "United Service Journal" we find the following account of archery as it *was;* which is curious, and seems to us to exhibit the *beau ideal* of the art and mystery, rather than any thing upon which one could strictly rely as facts, however supported by historical authority. It says:

"The test of good archery with Edward VI. was that a hundred of his youth, in rank, should send, at one discharge, their hundred shafts clear through an inch board of heart of oak, at the distance of 240 yards. This was the minimum of military archery with youth. It was at the battle of Falkirk, in 1298 that the power of English archery became supreme. Edward I. interspersed his long bowmen among his other troops of every description, and the battle was little less than an unresisting slaughter of the best of the Scottish warriors. At the battle of Flodden Field, the Scottish Monarch, enraged at the slaughter of his troops, directed sixty of his brave knights, in Italian armor, to rush on a body of the English archers, and, at the first discharge, every knight was killed by an arrow through the body. P. de Comines, speaking of the military power of England, France and Scotland, lays it down that 'the might of the realm of England standeth on her archery;' and it is curious to trace the excessive fastidiousness and care of our ancestors with respect to it. Edward IV. directed that the long-bow should be made of ewye, wyche, hazel, ash, awnrub, or reason tree, but the ewye (yew) was the preferable wood. The string was to be made of hide, gut, horse hair, woman's hair, hemp, or silk. The bow was directed to be the precise height of the archer, and one of six feet long was the maximum of power. The most anxious care was bestowed on the arrow. Its length was to be exactly half that of the bow. The feathers were not to be plucked from the goose, but were to drop from the bird at between the age of two and three years. Two of the feathers were to be from the gander, whilst the third, always to be placed uppermost in the act of shooting, was to be dropped by the goose. The arrow was pointed with flint or steel; and the punishment severe if the directions were in any respect violated.

It was illegal, and, what was perhaps worse, it was disgraceful, to shoot at a less distance than 200 yards. The longest shot upon record was that of the Lancashire archer, who shot his shaft a mile in three shots. This has been nearly equalled within these few years. A Turkish Ambassador in London discharged an arrow 480 yards, and a Turk at Athens sent his shaft 584 yards, which is only three yards short of a third of a mile. It was a test with our archers to send the cloth yard shaft at 320 yards distance, through an oaken plank, from one to three inches in thickness, and to lodge the arrow in a board placed many yards in the rear."

This is good—we suspect a musket ball fired at 320 yards from a three inch plank, would, if it hit it, be satisfied with staying in it very quietly, nor express neither a desire nor an intention of travelling to a board placed many yards in the rear, that day. Sending a shaft 584 yards is a wonderful thing, but sending it 350, with the intervention of a three inch plank, is what we suspect could only be done with a very long bow indeed.

BIRTHPLACE OF PRINTING.

It is said that the inhabitants of Mentz, a town of the Netherlands (long celebrated as the birthplace of the art of Printing,) have determined to erect a monument to Guttenberg, the great inventor of the art. It is proposed to complete the erection in 1838, which will be precisely four centuries since Guttenburg perfected the invention by the discovery of moveable types. In order to raise funds for the erection of a suitable monument, the committee have called upon the learned of every nation to contribute—the names of the donors to be preserved in a book to be kept by the corporation of Mentz.

"When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering with steel, with his battle axe on his shoulder, till his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and carnage, the pale on-looker might have fancied that nature was in her death throes—for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be on that very gala-day of Tamberlane, a little boy was playing nine pins in the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important to them than twenty Tamerlanes! The Tartan Khan with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, passed away like a whirlwind, to be forgotten forever—but that German artisan has wrought a benefit, which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand itself through all countries and through all time. What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporation of Captains from Walter the Penniless to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with these moveable types of Johannes Faust?"

SUFFERINGS OF GUILLOTINED PERSONS.

A memoir has recently been presented to the Academy of Sciences, on the subject of death by decolation, which will cause an investigation to take place. Guillotin, the inventor of the guillotin, was of opinion that no physical suffering attends the act of decapitation. Sue, Sommering and Castel entertain different views.

Experiments have been made by Sue on turkeys, sheep and calves, when the head and body having been severed by a sharp instrument, gave severally evidence of suffering. The body of a turkey thus decapitated, after remaining motionless a whole minute, rose on its legs, and remained in that position a minute and a half, flapping its wings and raising its claw towards its throat. The body of a decapitated sheep was convulsed with so much violence, that three men were obliged to hold it. The head of a calf after decolation, opened its eyes, and moved its mouth and nostrils, for six minutes. Aldini, who tried his galvanic experiments in 1803, in Italy, on a guillotined person, and in London upon a body executed by hanging, states that muscular contractions took place during two hours after death in the hanged, and three-quarters of an hour in the decapitated man. Mojon, Professor of Physiology at Genoa, having produced at Paris a system of investigation of the results of the guillotine, states that having exposed two heads, a quarter of an hour after decolation, to a strong light, the eyelids closed suddenly. The tongue which protruded from the lips, being pricked with a needle was drawn back into the mouth, and the countenance expressed sudden pain. The head of a criminal named Tillier being submitted to examination after the guillotine, the head turned in every direction from whence he was called by name. A report, hitherto treated as fabulous, may therefore be believed, that, when the executioner gave a blow on the face of Charlotte Corday's head, the countenance expressed violent indignation. Fontenelle asserts that he has frequently seen the heads of guillotined persons move their lips. Siveling declares that by touching the spinal marrow, the most horrible demonstrations of agony succeed.

Many animals retain the power of locomotion after decapitation. A tortoise will live for six months, executing its ordinary functions, after the extraction of the brain, and *twelve days*, after the head has been cut completely off. Charras, an operator at the Jardin pes Plantes, having cut off the head of a viper, two of his pupils were stung dangerously by it, sixty hours afterwards. Galien records that the Emperor Commodus was so skillful in the decapitation of ostriches, that these birds did not at first pause in their speed, after the loss of their heads. Boerhaave cut off the head of a cock which was running towards a trough, at the distance of 20 feet, and the body fulfilled its intention. Perranit decapitated a serpent, and the body crawled towards its usual retreat. Beetles advanced cautiously examining the ground first with the right leg, then with the left, after losing their heads. The heart of a frog palpitates two hours afterwards; and flies and butterflies fly about for many minutes—Monsieur de Fontenelle's memoir contains many other apparently incredible, but equally well authenticated facts; and the further investigation of Magendie, and his learned colleague, will be laid forthwith before the French government. It appears on the present showing, that the guillotine is the most cruel mode of destruction ever yet devised, since no limit can be placed to the agonies of death after its operation.

TORTOISE-SHELL.

The following singularly barbarous process for obtaining the tortoise-shell is abstracted from an Indian newspaper, called the Singapore Chronicle:—This highly-prized aquatic production, when caught by the Eastern Islanders, is suspended over a fire, kindled immediately after its capture, until such time as the effect of the heat loosens the shell to such a degree that it can be removed with the greatest ease. The animal, now stripped and defenceless, is set at liberty, to re-enter its native element. If caught in the ensuing season, or at any subsequent period, it is asserted that the unhappy animal is subjected to a second ordeal of fire, rewarding its capturers this time, however, with a very thin shell. This, if true, shows more policy and skill than tenderness in the method thus adopted by the islanders; it is a questionless proof, too, of tenacity of life in the animal, and must further be accounted a very singular fact in natural history.

THE PASHA.

However familiar this title may be to European ears, its real meaning and derivation are scarcely familiar even to the "erudite few." The word itself is compounded of the Persian "pai shaw," or the shah's foot, and is a standing memorial of the designations which, according to Xenophon, Cyrus bestowed on his officers of state, calling them his feet, hands, eyes and ears. Those entrusted with domestic affairs were styled *"the eyes;"* the secret emissary was termed *"the ear;"* the tax-gatherer, *"the hands;"* the warrior, *"the foot;"* and the judge, as mouth-piece of the law, the *"tongue of equity."* Of so remote an institution as this is the name of the present Turkish Pashas, who, in their several capacities of Governor, General, and Vizier or Minister, are appositely styled the "feet of their master."

PRESCRIPTION FOR THE CHOLERA.

The following Letter, with the accompanying Recipe for the Cholera, was addressed by Dr. HASTINGS, whom we understand to be a respectable practitioner of London, to Mr. VAIL, our Charge d'Affairs there. The latter transmitted it to a medical friend in this city, by whom it has been handed to us for publication, that the efficacy of the Recipe, if deemed worthy of trial, may be tested in some part of the country where the disease yet lingers.—*Nat. Intel.*

SIR: Under the impulse of those feelings of humanity which I trust and believe are leading characteristics of the profession to which I belong, I take the liberty of submitting to your notice the mode of treating that scourge of the human race, Cholera Morbus, which I have recently adopted, and with uniform success.

I will not detain you farther, Sir, than to say, that I shall, in a few days, impart to the profession generally, through the medium of the medical publications, my treatment which has not, I believe, been resorted to by any other practitioner, but hearing that disease is still committing ravages in the United States, I feel it a duty, without any delay, to possess you, Sir, with the result of a brief experience, but which I have strong confidence, if acted upon implicity, will be found an antidote to this disease.

Sir, trusting you will accept the motive as an apology for this intrusion, I have the honor to be Sir, Your humble Servant,

JOHN HASTINGS.

Sept. 12, 1833.

39, *Vauxhall Bridge Road, Westminster.*

RECIPE.—Sulphate of Iron, four drachms; Distilled Water, six ounces. Mix.

One tea-spoonful of this mixture, which ought to contain rather more than six grains, should be given every ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, for the first four hours; the interval between each dose may then be gradually lengthened, until the twelfth hour, when, in the majority of cases, the medicine may be discontinued altogether: after each dose not more than two table-spoonfuls of cold water should be drank. Stimulants of all kinds must be avoided and even in the last extremity of collapse. I would recommend one table-spoonful of Sherry added to three of water, instead of water alone. When the secretion of urine has taken place, and the vomitting, purging, and cramps, have entirely subsided, a gentle dose of Castor Oil is all that will be necessary.

SELF-IMMOLATION.

A correspondent of the Bengal Chronicle gives the following account of an appalling event, which he lately witnessed on the banks of the river Ghoomty. He states that any attempt to interfere with the destruction of the victim would have been attended with great danger—"The deluded victim was a poor old woman, I should say between 50 and 60 years of age. She was accompanied by a large crowd of natives of both sexes, and near herself were several who were said to be her relations and friends! On their arrival at the bank of the river they immediately formed a half circle round the poor creature, when she commenced the usual ablutions which the natives daily go through on the river side. Having completed this ceremony, with all the composure and indifference imaginable, she threw off her wet clothing and clothed herself in new white linen, at the same time spreading a smaller piece of linen on the bank, in which she placed a round hard piece of earth, and rolling it up carefully, immediately proceeded into the water, and there deposited it, apparently as an emblem of devotion. She then returned to the bank, and took a quantity of pice from two men, who appeared to be most interested in this horrible scene; they actually disputed in no delicate terms on giving the poor old woman the pice. After she had received them, she distributed them amongst the crowd of spectators, at the same time uttering some sentences, or rather interrogating the people in a devoted and religious manner, at which a shout of affirmation rung through the crowd. She then turned her back upon them, and quietly immersed herself in the water; and so determined did she seem in this undertaking, that she actually struggled to keep herself down, but from the force of the current, and probably her own light weight, she floundered and floated on the surface of the water for about a quarter of an hour, when the vital spark apparently fled.

Curious Clock.—The most curious thing in the cathedral of Lubec is a clock of singular construction and high antiquity. It is calculated to answer astronomical purposes, representing the places of the sun and moon in the ecliptic, the moon's age, a perpetual almanac, and many other contrivances. The clock, as an inscription sets forth, was placed in the church upon Candlemas-day in 1405. Over the face of it appears an image of our Saviour, and on either side of the image are folding doors, so constructed as to fly open every day when the clock strikes twelve. At this hour, a set of figures representing the twelve apostles come out from the door on the left hand of the image, and pass by in review before it, each figure making its obeisance by bowing as it passes that of our Saviour, and afterwards entering the doors on the right hand. When the procession terminates, the doors close.—*Clarke's Travels in Scandinavia.*

A late London paper says.—"As to suicide, the number during the month has been extraordinary—it seems quite the fashion: a man has a head-ache—he hangs himself to get rid of it; a lady has a squabble with her husband—she ties herself up in a pocket-handkerchief, and is found dead; a rider at Astley's "shuffles off this mortal coil" because he is jealous of his wife about a coachman, and because she had read him a letter (the equestrian not being able to read it himself,) charging him with bigamy; and a man of the name of Martindale drowns himself *for fear of the Cholera;* a butler of the Duke of Cumberland drowns himself because the under-butler is ordered to take the plate to London from Kew, instead of *him*—(having, it should be observed, been in the habit of using the spirits of wine bought to clean the said plate—*faute de mieux*—in the way of drams.)"

From the Philadelphia Commercial Herald.

RELIGION AND COURTESY.

We have always ranked William Penn among the best men of any age. He was a Christian and a Gentleman. He knew in what liberty of conscience consisted, and what materials formed the Gentleman. A real Christian is always a Gentleman. Upon the subject of Religion and Courtesy, Penn says:—

"However different I am from other men, relative to religious matters, I know no religion that destroys courtesy, civility, and kindness. These, rightly understood, are great indications of true men, if not good christians."

We have had occasion, sometime, to wish that the spirit of Penn was more prevalent.

This great man on one of his trials, being treated harshly and ungenerously, put some home questions to the Recorder, on the law, who becoming testy, said—"I tell you to *be silent.* If we should suffer you to ask questions till to-morrow, you would never be the wiser."

"That," replied Penn, in his quiet way, *"is according as the answers are."*

Hair Restorative.—It has been ascertained that the daily application of salt will restore hair to the heads of those, who, from fever or other causes, may have suffered its loss. The constant application of salt has been found to give strength and luxuriance to hair which was falling off and causing rapid baldness.

RAPIDITY OF EATING.

The witty author of "Men and Manners in America," in describing a dinner in a public house in New York, says: "Around, I beheld the same scene of gulping and swallowing, as if for a wager, which my observations at breakfast had prepared me to expect. In my own neighborhood there was no conversation. Each individual seemed to *pitchfork* his food down his gullet, without the smallest attention to the wants of his neighborhood. If you asked a gentleman to help you from any dish before him, he certainly complied, but in a manner that showed you had imposed on him a disagreeable office; and, instead of a slice, your plate generally returned loaded with a solid massive wedge of animal matter."

There are many good stories in circulation respecting our worthy fellow-citizen, Preserved Fish. The following, we believe, has never before been published. This gentleman, in early life, was a sea-captain. One day his vessel was hailed by a brig, when the following dialogue took place: "Ship a-hoy?" "Halloe!" "Who's your captain?" "Preserved Fish." "Who?" "Preserved Fish." The master of the brig, thinking he was misunderstood, and wondering at the stupidity of the opposite party, again applied the trumpet to his mouth and bawled out, "I say, mister, I don't want to know what your *cargo* is; but what's your captain's n-a-m-e?" —*New York Mirror.*

The pious Mr. ———, who, by the way, is suspected of being no better than he should be, notwithstanding all his professions, a short time since rebuked a well-known merchant of this city, for using profane language. "Your discourse is ungentlemanly and impious," said Mr. ———. "You should break yourself of such an abominable practice."—"I know it," returned the dealer in cotton-bales and profanity; "but most men fall into some error or other unknown to themselves, yet they are entirely innocent of all intention to do wrong, notwithstanding all their little inaccuracies—now I swear a great deal, and you pray a great deal, yet neither of us, I'm confident, means any thing by it."—*ib.*

It is becoming quite fashionable to call the Broadway omnibuses after the distinguished characters of the town. Accordingly, we have *"the* General Mars," *"the* Commodore Neptune," *"the* Alderman Turtle," and *"the* Ladies this, that and t'other." Not long since, a fine commodious stage, with spanking grays, and a formidable whip, dashed over the pavements in gallant style, with the name of *"the* Lady Rowell," conspicuously painted on the pannel. All eyes were turned towards her in admiration and astonishment. "What a brilliant turn-out!—but who is the lady Rowell?" said one—"who is the Lady Rowell?" exclaimed every body. The question was asked from Wall-street to Leroy place, round the battery and back again; and, strange to tell, nobody knew, nobody had seen, nobody had ever heard of *the* Lady Rowell? People began to shake their heads, wink their eyes, and look wise upon the subject; but still the birth, parentage and condition of the fair unknown, were profound mysteries—shadows, clouds and darkness rested upon her, until a knowing fellow "let the cat out of the bag," and astonished the whole civilized world with the information that the coach was named after "the driver's wife!"—*ib.*